THOROUGHBREDS:

A STORY OF THE TURF.

By W. A. FRASER.

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He passed through the narrow gate leading from the paddock to the grand The gatekeeper nodded pleasantly to him and said:

Hope you'll do the trick with the little I'm twenty years at this business, and I haven't got over my likin' for an honest horse and an honest owner yet." There was a covert instruction of suspicion, albeit a kindly one, in the man's voice. The very air was full of the taint of crookedness, else why should the official

speak of honesty at all? Every one knew that John Porter raced to win.

He crossed the lawn and leaned against the course fence, to take a deciding look at the mare and the chestnut as they circled past the stand in the little view-prom-

enade which preceded the race. His trained eye told him that Lauzenne was a grand-looking horse; big, well sloped shoulders, reached back toward the huge quarters until the small racing-sa idle almost covered the short back. What great promise of weight-carrying was

He laughed a little at the trrelevance of this thought, for it was not a question of weight-carrying at all; two-year-olds at a hundred pounds in a sprint of only five furlongs. Speed was the great factor to be considered; and surely Lucretia outclassed the other in that way.

The long, well-ribbed-up body, with just

trace of gauntiness in the flank; the slim neck; the deep chest; the broad, flat canon bones and the well-let down hocks, giving a length of thigh like a greyhound, and the thighs themselves, as John Porter looked at them under the tucked-up belly of the gentle mare, big and strong, and full of driving force—that should make the others break a record to beat her.

From the inquisition of the owner's study Lucretia stood forth triumphant; peither the chestnut nor anything else in the race could beat her.

And Jockey McKay-Porter raised his eyes involuntarily, seeking for some occult refutation of the implied dishonesty of the boy he had trusted. He found himself gazing straight into the small, shifty eyes of Lucretia's midget rider, and such a hungry, wolfish look of mingled cunning and cupidity was there that Porter almost

The insinuations of Mike Gaynor, and the other things that pointed at a job being on, hadn't half the force of the dishonesty that was so apparent in the tell-tale look of the morally irresponsible boy in whose hands he was so completely helpless.

All the careful preparation of the mare, the conomical saving, even to the self-denial of almost necessary things to the end that he might have funds to back her heavily when she ran; and the high trials she had given him when asked the question, and which had gladdened his heart and brought an exclamation of satisfaction from his phlegmatic trainer; the girlish interest of his daughter in the expected triumph; all these were as less than nothing should the boy. with the look of a demon in his eyes, not ride straight and honest.

Even then it was too late to ask the stewards to set McKay down. But what proof had he to offer that there was any thing

The boy's good name would be blasted, should he, John Porter, say at the last minute that he did not trust him; and perhaps the lad was innocent. Race people were so ready to cry out that a jockey was fixed that there was something wrong when their own judgment was at fault and

Suddenly Porter gave a cry of astonish

"My God!" be muttered, "the boy has go spurs on. That'll set the mare clean crazy He turned to Dixon, who was at his elbow. "Why did you let McKay put on the

"I told him not to." "He's got them on."

"They've got to come off," and the trainer dashed up the steps to the stewards. In two minutes he returned, a heavy frown

"Well?" queried Porter.
"I've made a mess of it," answered Dixon, sullenly. "It seems there's hints of a job on, an' the stewards have got the wrong end of the stick."

"They refused to let the mare go back the paddock?" queried Porter. "Yes, an' one of them said that if the trainers would stick closer to their horses, an' keep out of the betting ring, that the public 'd get a better run for their money. "I'm sorry, Andy," said Porter, consol-

on you, sir. That boy hadn't spurs when he weighed, an' there's the rankest kind of a job on, I'll take me oath "We've got to stand to it, Andy."

"That we have; we've just got to take our medicine like little men. Even if we make a break an' take McKay off, there isn't another good boy left. If he jabs the little mare with them steels she'll go clean crazy."

touch a hair of him; he's too damn slick. But his time'll come God knows how many men he'll break in the meantime,

going up into the stand, the latter leaned

"I can't," replied the other man, "my

daughter is up there somewhere." "I've played the mare," declared Danby,

chowing Porter a memo written in a small

"Five to two never is," laughed his friend. ·But she's a right smart filly; she looks as fit as a fiddle strurg. When you're done with that man you might turn him over

"The mare's good enough," said Porter. and I've played her myself-a stiffish bit, too; but all the same, if you asked me now, pocket. I must go," he added, his eye catching the flutter of a race card which was waving to him three seats up.

Here's a seat, dad, " cried the girl cheerily. lifting her coat from a chair she had kept for her father.

For an instant John Porter forgot all about Lucretia and her troubles. The winsome little woman had the faculty of always making him forget his trials; she had to the fullest extent that power so often found in plain faces.

Strictly speaking, she wasn't beautiful any man would have passed that opinion if suddenly asked the question upon first seeing her. Doubt of the excellence of his judgment might have crept into his fluence of the blue-gray eyes, that were so much like her father's; in them was the most beautiful thing in the world, an un-doubted evidence of truth and honesty

nd sympathy.

She was small and slender but no one had ever likened her to a flower. There was apparent sinewy strength and vigor in the

small form.

Her life, claimed by the open air, had this as a reward—the saddle is no cradle for weaklings. Bred in an atmosphere of racing, and surrounded as she had always been by theroughbreds, Allis had grown up full of an admiration for their honesty

and courage and sweet temper.

In John Porter's home horse racing had no debasing effects. If a man couldn't race squarely—run to win every time—he had better quit the game, Porter had always asserted. He raced honestly and bet openly, without cant, and without hybet openly, without cant and without hypoorisy; just as a financier might have traded in stocks in Wall Street, or a farmer might plant his crops and trust to the future and fair weather to yield him a harvest in

so much of the working out of it was in the open, where purple-clovered fields gave rest and health and strength, that the gave rest and health and strength, that the home atmosphere was impregnated with moral truth and courage and frankness, in its influence on the girl's development. Every twist of her sinewy figure bore mute testimony to this, every glance from her wondrous eyes was an eloquent sub-stantiating argument in favor of the life she affected.

she affected.

John Porter looked down at the small, rather dark, upturned face, and a half amused smile of content came to his lips.

"Did you see Lucretia?" he asked. "Isn't she a beauty? Hasn't Dixon got her in the pink of condition?"

"I saw nothing else, father." She beckoned to him with her eyes, tipped her head forward and whispered: "Those people behind us have backed Lauzanne. I think they're racing folks."

The father smiled as an uncultured woman's voice from one row back jarred

The father smiled as an uncultured woman's voice from one row back jarred on his ear. Allis noticed the smile and its provocation, and said, speaking hastily:

"I don't mean like you, father—
"Like us," he corrected.

"Well, perhaps; they're more like betting or training respile though."

Well, perhaps; they're more like betting or training people, though."

She put her hand on his arm warningly, as a high-pitched falsetto penetrated the drone of their half-whispered words, saying. "I tell you, Dick knows all about this Porter mare Lucretia."

But I like her, a barytone voice answered. "She looks a rattlin filly."

"You'll dine off sweiback and by your lonely, Ned, if you play horses on their looks."

looks."
Or women, either," the barytone cut in.
You're a fair judge, Ned. But Dick
told me to go the limit on Lauzanne, and
to leave the filly alone."
"On form, Lucretia ought to win," the
man persisted; "an' there's never anythin'
doin' with Porter, I've heard."
"Perhaps not," the unpleasant feminine
voice sneered mockingly, with an ill-con-

voice sneered mockingly, with an ill-conditioned drawl on the "perhaps," but he doesn't ride his own mare, does he?"

John Porter started. Again that distasteful expression, fraught with distrust and instructions.

and insinuation.

There was a strong evil odor of stephanotis wafted to his nostrils as the speaker shook her fan with impatient decision. The perfume affected him disagreeably. It was like the exhalation of some noisome drug; quite in keeping with the covert insinuation of her words that Dick, as she called him—it must be Dick Langdon the trainer of Lauzanne. Porter mused—had given her advice based on a knowledge quite irrespective of the galloping powers of the two horses.

"Did you hear that, father?" Allis whispered.

He nodded his head.

He nodded his head.

"What does it all mean?"

"It means girl," he said slowly, "that all the trouble and pains I have taken over Lucretia since she was foaled two years ago, and her dam, the old mare Maid of Rome, died—even to raising the little filly on a bottle, and watching over her temper, that it should not be ruined by brutal savages of stable boys, whose one idea of a horse is that he must be clubbed into submission—that all the care taken in her training, and the money spent for her keep and entries, goes for nothing in this race, if Jockey McKay is the rascal I fear he is.

"You think some one has got at him, Dad?"

McKay is the rascal I fear he is.

"You think some one has got at him, Dad?"
Her father nodded again.

"I wish I'd been a boy, so that I could have ridden Lucretia for you to-day."
Allis exclaimed, with sudden emphasis.

"I almost wish you had, little woman; you'd have ridden straight, anyway—there never was a crooked one of our blood."

"I don't see why a lockey or anybody."

mare with them steels she'll go clean crazy."

It's my fault Andy. I guess I've saved and petted her a bit too much. But she never needed spurs—she'd break her heart trying without them."

"By God!" muttered Dixon as he went back to the paddock, "if the boy stops the mare he'll never get another mount, if I can help it. It's this sort of thing that kills the whole business of racing.

"Here's a stable that's straight from owner to exercise boy, and now likely to throw down the public and stand a chance of getting ruled off ourselves because of a gambling little thief that can spend the income of a Prince. But after all it isn't his fault.

"I know who ought to be warned off if one race is fixed; but they won't be able to"." Is that why you put Alan in the bank,

"Is that why you put Alan in the bank, father?" Porter went on as though he had not

Forter went on as though the heard the daughter's query.

"To make a first-class jockey a boy must have nerves of steel, the courage of a bull-dog, the self-controlling honesty of a monk. You've got all these right enough, Allis, only you're a girl, don't you see just a little woman," and he patted her hand affectionately.

affectionately

"They're off!" exclaimed the barytone.
"Not this trip," objected the falsetto.
"The spurs—the young fiend!" fiercely
ejaculated John Porter.
"What is it, father?"
"The boy on Lucretia is jabbing her with

The boy on Lucretta is jabbing her with
the spurs and she's coming up.

"That's the fourth false start," said Ned,
the barytone. "I don't think much of your
Lauzanne, he's like a crazy horse."

Allis heard the woman's shrill voice,
smothered to a hissing whisper, answer
something. Two distinct words, "the hep,"
carried to her ears. There was a long-

drawn-out barytone "Oh-h!" then, in the T knew Lauranne was a shuggard, and

Dick's got it down fine," just audibly from the woman; "Lauzanne'll try right enough this time out."
"The mare's actin' as if she'd had a cup

Allis had pinched her father's arm again. and leoked up in his face inquiringly, as from the seat behind them the jumbled conversation came to their ears. Porter nodded his head understandingly and frowned. The stephanotis was choking his nostrils, and an occasional word was eliking his heart with confirmation of his

picions. I don't like it." he muttered to Allis They've had four breaks, and the mare's been left each time. The chestnut's the worst actor I ever saw at the post. But I'm thinking he'll leave the race right there, the way he's cutting up.

My God! he exclaimed in the next

breath.

He had startled the girl with the flerce emphasis he threw into the words; she sprang to her feet in excitement.

A bell clanged noisily, there was a shuffle of thousands of eager feet; a hoarse cry, "They're off," went rolling from tier to from seat to seat, to the topmost row

tier, from seat to seat, to the topmost row of the huge stand.

"Lauzaine is off with a flying lead of three lengths, and the mare is left absolutely—absolutely last. The boy whipped her about just as the flag fell." There was the dreary monotone of crushed hope in Porter's voice as he spoke.

"Yes, we're out of it, little woman," he continued; and there was almost a tone of relief, of resignation.

ontinuer, and there was almost a tone of relief, of resignation.

Suspense was gone, realization of the disaster seemed to have steadied his nerve again. Allis attempted to speak but her low voice was hushed to a whisper by the exultant cries that were all about them.

"Didn't I tell you—Lauzanne wins in a walk!" the falsette voice was an exuitant squeak of hilarious excitement.

"You called the turn." Even Ned's barytone had risen to a false-keyed tenor; he was standing on his toes, peering over the heads of taller men in front. the heads of tailer men in front.

Allis brushed from her eves the tears of sympathy that had welled into them, and, raising her voice, spoke bravely, clinging to a vain hope.

"Lucretia is game, father—she may win yet—the race is not lost till they're past

the post."

Then her voice died away, and she kept

pleading over and over in heart. Come on, Lucretta—Come on, brave little mare! "Is she gaining, father—can you see?" e'li never make it up," Porter repi watched the jumble of red and a as he watched the jumble of red and vel-low and black, patterned into a trailing hanner, which waved and vibrated and streamed in the glittering sunlight, a fur-long down the course and the tail of it was his own blue, white-starred jacket. In front, still a good two lengths in front, gleamed scarlet, like an evil eye, the all red of Lauzanne's colors.

"Where is Lucretia, father?" the girl asked again, stretching her slight figure up in a vain endeavor to see over the shoulders

"It's the Minstrel. His boy threw him fair across Lucretia and knocked her to her fair across the review and knocked her to her knocke. He lowered his glasses listlessly. "It's Lauzanne all the way if he losts out. He's dying fast, though, and Westley's gone to the whip."

He was looking through his glasses again. Though beaten, his racing blood

"If Lauzanne wins it will be Wossley's

"If Lauzanne wins it will be Wessiey's riding that Hanover colt. The Dutchman, is at his quarter. He'll beat him out, for the Hanovers are all game." "Come on, you, Lauzanne!" Even the exotic stephanotis failed to obliterate the harsh, mercenary intensity of the feminine cry at the back of Allis.

"He's beat!" a deep, discordant voice groaned. "I knew he was a quitter. The woman's companion was pessimistic.

Like trees of a forest, swayed by strong compelling winds, the people recked in

compelling winds, the people rocked in exchement, tiptoed and craned eager necks as they watched the magnificent struggle that was drawing to a climax in the stretch.

Inch by inch the brave son of Hanover was creeping up on Lauzanne.

How loosely the big chestnut galloped—

Whin Jarge oner med up his mind to a coop, he'd play it for all he was wuth.

Iverythin' we hed and considerable odders bed hed hed went into that single pot.

How loosely the big chestnut galloped—rolling like a drunken man in the hour of his distress. Close pressed to his neck, flat over his wither, lay the intense form of his rider—a camel's hump—a part of the racing mechanism, unimpeding the weary horse in the masterly rigidity of his body and legs, but the arms, even the shoulders, of the great lookey, thrust his mount forward, always forward—forward at each stride—fairly lifting him, till the very lurches of Lauzanne carried him to toward the goal.

And at his girth raced the compact bay son of Hanover; galloping, galloping with a stout heart and eager reaching head; stretching every sinew, and muscle, and nerve; in his eye the light that would not be denied.

be denied.

Ah, gallant little bay! On his back was the offspring of unthinking parents—a pinhead. Perhaps the evil one had ordained him to the completion of Langdon's

dained him to the competion of Langton's villainy with Lauzanne.

At the pinch his judgment had flown—he was become an instrument of torture; with whip and spur he was throwing away the race. Each time he raised his arm and lashed, his poor foolish body swayed in the saddle, and the Dutchman was checked.

in the saddle, and the Dutchman was checked.

"Oh, if he would but sit still!" Porter cried, as he watched the equine battle.

The stand mob clamored as though Nero sat there, and lions had been loosed in the arena. The strange medley of cries smoote on the ears of Allis. How like wild beasts they were, how like wolves! She closed her eyes, for she was weary of the struggle, and listened. Yes, they were wolves, leaping at the throat of her father, and joying in the defeat of Lucretia.

Deep-throated howls from full-chested wolves: "Come on you, Lauzanne! On Westley, on! The Bay wins! The Dutchman—The Dutchman for a thousand!"

"I'll take—"

But the new voice was stilled into nothingness by the shrill reawakened falsetto.
"Go on, Westley! Lauzanne wins wins wins!" it seemed to repeat. It lingered in the girl's ears like a dwindling mean in the girl's ears like a dwindling moan through pine boughs, and with it came wafted the sickening stephanotis breath. Allis sank back into her seat. She knew it was all over. The shuffle of many feet hastening madly, the crash of eager heels down the wooden steps, a surging, pushing, as the wolf pack blocked each passage in its thirstful rush for the gold it had won, told her that the race was over.

To be continued.

To be continued.

From the Philadelphia Times A young and very pretty Towards matro has not lost her sense or her love of coquetry since becoming a wife, and has subjected herself to some caustic criticism among her acquaintances because of her ill-concealed penchant for flirting with every good-lookpenchant for flirting with every good-looking man she meets socially. Her ingenue manner and baby ways usually gain for her a monopoly of masculine attention she attended a May party some weeks age, and was, as usual, surrounded during the afternoon and evening by a bevy of gailants. She dropped her handkerchief, and one of the men, in returning it, noticed that it was knotted and asked why.

"Let—me—see," she said musingly "I knotted it to remind me of something; but—what!"

"I hardly suppose," remarked her aunt, who was standing near, "that you put that knot there to remind you that you are a married woman—did you?"

From the Philadelphia Times

LEARTS PLAYED OUT; DIAMONDS TRUMPS.

William Smithers Does a Virtuous Act and Gets His Reward for It.

"Did you iver see that guy before?" ast Jarge wit: a hunch of his shoulder. I luked acrost the room to where

sure little man was splittun a bird and a of form as he was measly. "That shrimp?" says I. "Nope; but he'd be more to hum carvin' cake at a

Methody picnie, I'll ventur'."
"I methos wrong," continered Jarge,
"but onct whin I was posin' as Capting Marbroo, the British attachy, I called at the great law firm of Makem & Takem to git some papers vizeed and I t'ink his dilidalis over there was the confidental clerk in full

charge of a hunder' accounts and with

powers of attarney stickin' out all over "Thin," says I, "the sooner Makem & Takem engage a spic'al examiner, the less they'll hev to cough up be way of restiootun in my jidgment.

There was signs of discrepancy, sure nough. Our little man was a tryin' hard, but oh, my! He flashed a fifty for his check; he tossed a fiver to the waiter; he jammed the change into his pocket without countin' he follered out of the room with his cigar at a tough tangint. But his mincin' steps, his dinky tun-

manufactur', his narvous glanct to the right and the left; they all cried out to high hivings for his pertectun.
"We ought to hev' some of that, Smithers, says Jarge. 'Let's reconniter the marn and meet here to-morrow evenin' to report. The next night, thin, we met at the same

down collar, his string the of domestic

table and gev' the results of our investidential clerk his vocation, all right," began Jarge. 'He is still in high favor with Makem & Takem as a practical sort of the

salt of the eart"." *Over the river where he lives in a modest two-story-and, with a beautyus wife and five nteristun children, he's saltier and less Conspic'us in ivery good work, dewoted husband, a tinder parient-why he's a livin' epitaph in his daily walk and on versature.

Up to a week ago, whin important business began to detain him in town, he'd

"That looks like it, don't it?" says I with a glance over to where the pair hed resumed their high rivils. 'D've know who thet is he's up against, Jarge? None odder than Mrs. Eileen Grosvenor, the notor'us West-

"You see how young and smiltn' she is. Well, she's caused enough scandals, defal-catuns and suicides to put her in the Lit'ny jest after 'battle, murder and sud-

"She been follerin' the races lately, where p'raps he met her, but there's more money in her prisint game. This is about the

"Sho'll hold him off at arm's lengt', stringto' him until he is wild; and thin whin he makes the fatal plunge, cleanin' out the ill and desartin' wife, fambly and honor, why, she'll so manage that he will get ketched while she gits away with the spiles. That's her record, without a break in it. without any trouble, and thet's jest about the size of the pile I'm luk in for.

"Have they noticed us, d'ye think, Smithers? No? Well, thin, let's make a great

hed hed went into that single pot.

As a result, it was the pristing Gentleman George who strolled along the front of the grand stand the next afternoon in his light uister and billycock, a monacle in his right eye and the finest of field-glasses swung over his shoulders.

Nor was little Willie Smithers beind the door in styles as he leaned aginst the bar in tight blue suit with gill buttons, lang'edly acceptun favors bot' wet and dry from rocks and crooks cur'us to find out how good a t'ing was his master.

It didn't take Jarge long to get next to Mrs. Grosvenor as she set on the top tier in all the pride of cons'us beauty like that Miss FitZurse I read of in "Ivanhoe," when I was where even the slickest of us condessents to light lives the strong. Why, thin, shudn't we hev' sech spiles of a rut'less war aginst sassi'ty?

Was there anny distinctun of sect in crime? Cud evil claim curtsey becuz it rustled in silken skuts instid of strutting in a long uister and billycock? No. no: the unly womanhood a pore crook like me cud honor was thet eximplified in a iddeel pictur' of a little child prayin' at its mother's knee.

The bell rang: I opened the dure. There stood McKinsock, his lips white and trembly, wit' a tin box under his arm.

"Good boy," he says; "I seen him go around the carner. I'll fix it all right wit' you later." And up the stairs he minced, his old sanctimonus gait still clingin' to him.

I follered and pecked t'roo the cuttains.

miss FitZurse I read of in 'Ivanhoe,' when I was where even the slickest of us condescends to light literatoor. And arter that, why, it was all a questing of valles.

By insincoatuns, rather than d'rect boastins, which would't do, you know, he gev' her to understand that he was that most enviable of pussenages, an English embezzler, who hed got away with the stuff and even before poor McKissock kem driftin along as if passin' an inwisible collectunplate, his nose was like hard times—it was so out of j'int.

Arter a little he edged up to me, talkin' outer the side of his mout', as if afeared his own left ear wud hear what he said.

"Is thet your master?" he ast.

"For lack of a better," says I.

"Thin you hev' no real regard for him?" he continuered.

"I'm a perfessional vallet," I explained,

"Thin you hev' no real regard for him?"
he continuered.

"I'm a perfessional vallet." I explained, and he seemed more'n satisfied.

"Thin," he whispered, "if I med ft wuth your while, you wudn't mind workin' for me on the quiet ruther than for him?"

"At your sarvice, sir," says I, techtn' me cap wit' wan hand as I palmed a long-green wit' the odder, "at your sarvice for anythin' from scroogin' of him down."

He gev' an inwoluntary shudder, he did, as good men gone wrong sometimes do whin the realizatun of how far they've went suddenly comes over them.

"No, no," he expostelated eagerly, "nawthin' like thet, but it has occurred to me that possibly your master is not what he seems.

"If he was, he wudn't be me master,"

"If he was, he wudn't be me master says I.

Exactly. So, in the cause of justice, if you cud manage to come over to me house, say at seving this evenin', why we might hev' a chat mootually benefic'al.

Prompt on the hour I arrived at me discharge of the property of the hour is a continuous property. tinatun, a sober little house in a quiet neigh-berhood as far removed from the track as Lazarus was from the t'irsty Diver. The parlor where I waited was dark and stuffy

Lazarus was from the tirsty Diver. The parlor where I waited was dark and stuffy with that sign of penur'us respictability, the smell of a biled dinner, clingin' to it.

Prisintly a leddy kem in and drew the shades, revealin' a sweet but anx'us face.

"My husband, Mr. McKissock," she began, "has not come hum yet. Is—is there amythin' I kin do in his stid?"

"No, ma'am," says I. "I simply hev a message to deliver to him pussonally."

"Oh, I hopes there is nothin 'wrong?"

"So do I, ma'am, I'm sure. But how wud the likes of me be knowin?"

"I know I amfoolish," she wint on, most plaintiff; "but he is so changed; I have been so worried. I don't wish you to violate your trust but, you have such a good face, won't you promise me if you see any way at any time in which I can help him, keep him from wrong, save him to his hum and his fambly, you will let me know?"

I was moved, really I was, to see her so earnest and tearful, appealin to me of all pussons to aid in drivin' off the evil she felt ruther than knowed about. Praps, too, the riference to me face was a master stroke, for I had never found it a strong p'int, especially in a coort of law.

At all events, I was pest about to vow thet I wud do all I cud to sarve her, whin there was quick sidlin' steps and McKissock entered.

"I hey important business wit' this man,

"Which I won't be long," he muttered, a-elanumin' the dure arter her as if on his

keep right and bein cross about it, to as if it was appywan's fault but his own as if it was annywan's fault but his own, so worked on my nateral emoturs, which hed never hed the chance to devilop, thet I giv him the steer strong and straight.

Jarge, I told him, was heled to the extint of about eighty tousand plunks, all in good long-greens, and it was his prisent intentun to lay the hull roll, togedder wit his heart, at the feet of the beautus Mrs. Grosvenor, on whom he was furder gone than I cud hev dreamed of a man of his hard since.

than I cud hev' dreamed of a man of his hard sinse.

After I got t'roo, McKissock kep' walkin' up and down the flure, a talkin' to hisself in utter obliv'un of me prisence.

"I'll do it," he kep' reiteratun, "this very night, to onet. Faint heart niver did, and niver will.

"Betune this and thet and the udder, it's waltun' for me in the vault and wudn't it's waltun' for me in the vault and wudn't "betune this and thet and the udder, it's waltun for me in the vault and wudn't be missed for at least tin days. Be thet time we might be far, far 'way, nestlin' in a rose garding by some Italyan lake or floatin' on the buzzom of the Nile in a dabby leyer.

"Oh," he stopt suddent, 'you still here? I was lost for the moment in a matter of currict business.

"Weil, thin, I wants you to go to Mrs "Weil, thin, I wants you to go to Mrs. Grosvenor's hum, Il Primress terrace, and call your master away—he is doubtless there. You can invint some excuse, I don't care what; but I must see her alone by 10 o'clock. D'ye mind?

"Good, this for the prisint, and as much more if you are up to shuff. Wait a bit and I'll go part way with you; I must stop in the office."

I cud hear his keerless joily out in the

in the office.

I cud hear his keerless joily out in the hall. A'ready he called twict to me; there was not a moment to spare. Agin I lukked in vain about the room for a scrap of paper.

in vain about the room for a scrap of paper; and thin at the bill in my hand.

It was anudder fifty, a gold certifout, crisp and clean. I fetched the nub of a blue pincil from me pocket; I scrawled on it "11 Primrose terrace—10:15." As I passed pore Em'ly, waitun at the front dure to let us out, as faitful, as pat'ent as a fawn, I dropt it on the flure.

If anny wan wad apply the tist of the etarnal "why" to my conduck, I shud say thet motives, like drinks, are more ginerally mixed then straight and thet mine were no mixed then straight and thet mine were no mixed than straight and thet mine were nexciptum to this psychological rule. I was sorry and sympatetic; I wanted to give the

exciptum to this psychological rule. I was sorry and sympatetic; I wanted to give the little woman some sort of a show, but avecorse, in the last analysis, as folks say who are not clear about the fust wan, I fully intinded to stand by Jarge and his hope of graft. P'raps somethin' wud happen whereby a good deed might come her way and a good t'ing ours.

I found 11 Primrese terrace, a ver'table fairy bow wow, luxur'us, quiet, remote. Jarge seen me in a little cushen of a receptum room, by the dure; and his eyes glistened like a knife as I told him the practical part of my exper'ence—pore Em'ly not comin' under that head.

"He's going to cop Makem & Takem's roll, sure," he mused, "and thin come here and outbid me. Well, Smithers, he must hev a free hand. I hev no doubt that Eileen will go with him and thin come back all the richer to me whin I wave me hand-kerchee. I'll go out for a while, leavin' you here, and thin, whin I return, we can foller thim."

We went into the hall and called and We went into the hall and called and prisently she kem down a splendid, riggal woman, the very goldess of the night in the blackness of her hair and brows and the duil tires of her great sleepy eyes.

Starlight surrounded her, too, like a atmosphere, in the radjunce of innumerable dimends. They clung to her white throat in a thick rope; they sparkled from shoulders and waist and ivery p'int and curve of her gownd.

shoulders and gownd.
"I am called to my hotel for a half hour Eileen," says Jarge; "an important matter bunch of money in it. My man with a bunch of money in it. My man Smithers, will wait for me here. Since your servants are all out, he'll act as butler and you can feel safe with him in charge." "Annywan wud be safe with him, she sneered, with a disdainful glanet, and up the stairs she swayed, flashin' indo-lently, insolently, from side to side, as he

I didn't like it; recallin', doubtless, sweet, sad voice, with a true ring to it, thet hed spoke in prais of thet same mug; but, arter all, it was the di'monds thet in them-a dozen fortunes belongin' to whom? Sprung from tears and blood, they were outlawed, a prey for the cunnin', a prize for the strong. Why, thin, shudn't

you later." And up the stairs he infliced, his old sanctimonus gait still clingin' to him.

I follered and pecked t'roo the cuttains of the boodure. There he was on his knees, like a r'yal embissy, displayin' his gifts to Sheby, wit piles of bonds and stocks and stacks of long-greens afore him. And she—a ready she was strippin off the strings of di'monds and packin' thin into a rid marrocker case.

"I'll be ready be the time you see about a kerridge," she said. "We must make haste or his English job-lots will be back."

I slid down ag'in and set gappin' and stritchin' in true intilligince office style under a great umbrelly lamp thet stud in the hail. A cur'us lamp it was, in its deflance of nateral laws and insurance policies all lace and furbelows and streamers and big paper rosettes suck up against the chimney. And I cudn't keep from t inkin in a idol way of the excitement a suddent pict of it might cause, and no rale danger needer on account of the marble tassilated flure.

Down McKissock kem, still mincin' of

joit of it might cause, and no rale danger needer on account of the marbie tassilated flure.

Down McKissock kem, still mincin' of step, still white and trembly of lip, the tin box under his arm like an etarnal wen.

"Git a keh," says he.

I opened the dure and there stud Em'ly.
I never seen a man so tuk back. He started, he stumbled, the box fell from his grasp, bustin' open and revealin' the wealt of Ormust and of Hind. Talk about fragranly delicktop; he was up ag'inst it, sure!

"Give thet to me, she said, "and come."

Without a wud he bundled in the stuff and put the box in her outstretched hand. I rally t'ink he was goin' wit' her, too, submissive, but jist thin there was a silken swish. Down the stairs, indolintly, insolintly, swayed Mrs. Grosvenor, bearin' the rid marrocker case as lightly as if it was the hid of the Baptist hisself.

"Who is this woman?" she ast, "and what does she want?"

Em'ly niver lukked at her. She stipped out on the porch; she folded the box undermeat' her shawl, close to her faithful heart.

"I'll keep it safe for you, Peter," she said, "until you retarn," and she was gone.

"After her! Drag her back! Throttle her!" screamed Mrs. Grosvenor. "Are we scoin' to be bested by a mewly-faced thing like that?"

But McKissock stud, with shiftun feet and narvous hands, unsartin, miserable.

"Oh, you weak-hearted wretch, you no-

and naryous hands, unsartin, miserable.
"Oh, you weak-hearted wretch, you no good sport, you penny thief," she stormed, fairly foamun up in his face. "I hopes Gawd will strike you dead, as I wud if I hed the means. Here, you red-nosed man, over there, hustle him out afore I goes

It was a mean thing to do, though virtoo is entitled to some reward; but as I necked and trun him into the darkness, I brushed aginst the umbrilly lamp.

"Luk out, stoopid," cried Mrs. Grosvenor, her two hands raised to ketch it.

The nixt instant, I was out of the house and around the carner, like a shadder, the rid marrocker case clus to me skin.

"Hot fut it, Jarge, for your life," I says in a breath. "Hearts is all played out, and di'mends is trumps!"

SATAN, AUNT JINNY AND THE WITCH.

The Black Homer of Jimtown Tells a Tale and Adorns It · With a Moral.

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., July 19 .- "Some mes, suh, it bean des ez well ef yo' doan et yo'self git too soon 'bout meckin' up yo' mine to do t'ings w'at yo' hadden dought t' do, 'tie'ly ef yo' boun' t' go 'haid en do 'em," said the Black Homer of Jimtown in philosophic vein.

'Yes, suh. 'Peahe lack it alluz seems to me dat ef yo' put off till t'mah w'at yo' hadden' dought t' do t'-day, mebbe den it slip yo' mine, en yo' boun' t' be a heap bettuh off, suh. De ol' Satan he pow'ful busy, pow'ful busy, en ef yo' dee' only eay 'him, 'I see yo' t'mah, suh! I see yo' t'mah! den he ain' got no time t' wase en yo', an he skittuh off t' postur some udduh body. Das de way lack it 'peahs t' me, suh. Yes, suh. Des' dat a-way. Huh?"

The Northern man quite agreed with the Black Homer and told him so "Sho'ly! Sho'ly!" the philosopher of he piny woods resumed. "Duh ain" udduh way, suh! No udduh way. ef ol' Aunt Jinny she des' only do dat, she

done save huhseff a pow'ful lot o ' feelin' "Dis hyuh w'at I gwine t' tell yo', suh, happen long time befo' I bean born, but my of mammy she tell me bout it many times, en wahn me ef I only des' put ol' Satan off till de nex' day I des' en good es

got my heel on he froat.

"Mahs' McKeevah he have a wife only a li'l w'ile dat time, en Aunt Jinny she mighty fon o' de young missus. She mighty fon' o' Mahs' McKeevah, too, 'kase he bean a fine man, suh; a might fine man. "But Aunt Jinny she des' t'inks de whole worl' o' Kezz. En I reckon she'd ought t' t'ink de heapinest o' Kezz, 'kaze Kezz been buh husban', en only bean huh husban' des' a li'l wile, too en she ain' bean ol' Aunt Jinny den, but des' Jinny, de

ch'ices' yaller gal on de whele plantation Yes, suh. "One time suffin' happen on de planta tion, en it puzzle Mans' McKeevuh a he'ap He declah Kezz he kin 'splain it, an he pen. Kezz he say he don' know nuffir bout it. Mahsuh say ves he do. an Kezz he say no, suh, he doan'. Bine-by Mahs McKeevuh he bean mad, en he holluh:

" 'I say you do, yo' black nigguh!' Mahsuh holler 'Eiduh I bean a liah, eise yo' bean a linh!"

"Kezz he done lif' he haid, en he say: 'I reckon dat bean so, Mahsuh,' say, but it ain me w'at bean de liah!

"Mighty Gabriel! Dat Kezz etan' right dah en des natch'ly same as tell Mahs McKeevuh he a liah! De dahkies w'at standin' by dey tu'n dey haids en shivvuh keze dey doan' spec' nuffiin' else but w'at Mahsuh sho'ly strike dat nigguh keze dey doan' spec' nuffiin' else but w'at Mahsuh sho'ly strike dat niggul daid. But Mahsuh des' quivvuh in h lips a spell eu eletch he hands' en den he Kegz, he say, I ain gwine to kill yo

he say. I ain't even gwine to flog yo' he say. No, I only des gwine to sell yo to da rice plantations t'mah, he say. T'mah to da rice plantations t'mah, he say. T'mah', he say, en he waik away, eletchin' he hans.

"To de rice plantations! All de dahkies dey groan en say mahsuh might a pow'ful sight bettah streck do po' nigguh daid whah he stan'. En den himeby Jinny she head 'bout it, en jicketty, how she do teck on. She die, she declah she do, ef mahsuh sell huh Kezz, even to do nex' plantation, en naw he gwine to sell him 'way down t' de rice fields, whah even de low Congo nigguhs dey wa'se away en shrivel up.

"Jinny she baig mahsuh on huh knees, but he push huh away en say no. Den she baig de new young missus, en de new young baig de new young missus, en de new young missus she shed teahs to mahsuh en baig him not to sell Kezz to de rice plantations, but mahsuh he say duh ain' no use; Kezz up all by heseff to wait fo' nex' day.

"Den de ol' Satan de done come along.

"En dat night she steal down to ol' Lizy's cabin, des' to de aidge o' de big gum swamp. ol' Lizy she a witchin' creatuh w'at kin brew de pizenes en de hoodooin'es kyine o' mixin's outen roots en yahbe en jimson

"So dat night w'en dev lock po' Kezz b till nex' day to sell him to de rice planta-ons, Jinny she done steal to ol' Lizy's ibin, an' ol' Satan he go 'long wiy huh, w'ispuh en w'ispuh in huh eah. Long me since Jinny bean t' ol' Lizy's, en ol' y she sprise to see Jinny.

Fo' de Lo'd sake!' ol' Lizy she say.
de wul' comin' to an end, Jinny?'

No. Jinny she say, en she talk husky
dry in huh froat. 'Dey only des' gwine

Kezz to de rice plantations, dat all Mighty Gabr'el" of Lizy say, on she "Mighty Gabr'el" ol' Lizy say, en she tu'n Jinny 'roun' so de moon shine in huh face. En den she say, quick, But dat ain't all, chile! Dat ain't all' she say. "No, Jinny she say, so dry en husky in huh froat dat ol' Lizy mos' shiyah. "No, Lizy' Jinny she say, 'dat ain't all. Po' Kezz he des' suff'in monst'us wiy de roomytizz in he l'ints, en he sho'ly die 'fo' he git dah ef it ain' hoodoo'd away. I des' want a h'l mite o' de w'ite juice, Lizy,' Jinny she say. "Des' a ii'l mite, t' hoodoo po' Kezz's roonytizz away, 'she say.
"Ol' Lizy she hol' Jinny's face to de moon en 'peahs lack she read suffin' dah.
"Jinny,' she say, "tain' no roomytizz yo' gwine t' hoodoo 'way fum Kezz! Yo' gwine t' hoodoo 'kezz heself away wiy de w'ite juice' ol' Lizy say.
"The Livny she staht lack she bean hit

"Sho'ly!" ol' Lizy she say. But yo ownself, Jinny! Whah yo' reckon yo g vine t' go to, ef yo' pizen yo' own husban? know dat! But Mahs' McKeevuh he nevuh shall sell my Kezz to de rice plantations t'mah! Ef I go to de ol' Satan, Kezz boun t' lie he bones on his hyuh plantation! Mahs' McKeevuh he nevuh shall sell hin 'way fum me! Neiduh t'mah, nor de nex' day, nor nevuh! she say.

"En huh voice so dry en husky, en huh face so twisty en jerky, dat even ol' Lizy she tu'n foarsome. En ol' Lizy she dean' sny no mo', but she go back to huh cubbud, en himeby she come wid a teeny li'l bottle, en she han' it to Jinny.

en bimeby she come wid a teeny li'l bettle, en she han' it to Jinny.

"Dee' a heap o' de w'ite juice, Jinny, she say, 'bean mo' dan enough to sen' po' Kezz, en you', too, to de happy lan' o' Canaan' she say, en she push Jinny outen de cabin wiy de li'l bottle in huh han', en den of Lizy go back en go to sleep des lack nuffin' done happen mo' dan a honey bee buzzin'.

"Jinny she cletch de li'l bottle en of Satan keen which' in huh eah till she.

Satan keep whisp'n in huh eah till she 'mos' gloat.

"Whah yo' witchin' en yo' seein' w'at folks dey done done, en w'at dey done gwine t' do, of Lizy? she muttuh ez ehe glide aiong. 'Me hoodoe, my ro' keez away wiy de w'ite juice? W'y, of Lizy, whah yo' witchin' Jinuy muttuh. 'But Mahs' McKeevuh nevuh shall sell keez 'way fum me! Neiduh t'mah, nor nex' day, nor nevuh!' She muttuh, en she clotch de li'l bottle mo' en mo', en glide en.

"Dis hyuh bean de wintuh time, en Mahs' McKeevuh he boun' to have he peach en honey hot, every night w'en he go to he room, en sence de young wife she come dah, Jinny mix it en take it to 'em. Dis night Jinny she get back des' ez Mahs' McKeevuh callin' fo' de peach en honey, en she mix it, en in it she drap des' a drap fum de h'i wite bottle of Lizy done give huh. En huh han' doan' trimble, neiduh, kaze of Satan he w'isp'r en w'isp'r in huh eah.

"Mahs' McKeevuh he nevuh shall sell

"En she teck haht mo' an me. Win in de cabin, so he air cos know, en hub haht habida Missus she smile on Juny Missus too, en dev drink to a Jinny's habt it des ez habd, she see de young Missus teck drink. Den Jinny go out, en she 'gin to trimide. She stop minute, en she head de young N "Po' Jinny! Oh, doan' yo Kezz away, honey, will you?"

my Kezz way fum me, ale

Kezz away, honey, will you? she say Mahsuh.

"En Mahs' McKeevuh say:
"Poh! I ain' gwine t' sell Kezz" be sa' I des' boun t' give him a lesson, dat a Ef I donn', de niggubs 'll des' be tu' a me oft'n de plantation 'fo' I know it say. "Sell Kezz' No, no I nevuh was sell married niggubs 'way from one 'no duh, anyhow! No, no! Mahsuh McKeev he say.

duh, anyhow! No, no! Mahsuh McKeevuh he say.

"Jinny, she heah all dat, an she stan' dah cold, en she heah ol' Satan lauguh! en laughin' ez he sidituh away. Den sha fall lack she daid, en it a long, long time 'fo' she know huhsef ag'in.

"Den w'en she come outen dem weeks o' crazy feuuh, en she know'd ag'in dead de young missus been, en dah bean kezz, en she heali Mahsuh McKeevuh talkin somewh in de house! En dun it flash on huh lack it been lightnin' in de sky dat ol' Lizy nevuh do give huh de w'ite juice at all, en she ery huhseff mos' to def fo' joy.

joy.

Yes, suh. Ol' Aunt Jinny she been playin' a hahp now dese yeahs en yeahs, but ef she only des' tu'n dat time en tell ol' Satan dat she see him nex' day, she boun' to save hubseff a heap o' feelin' bad all de yeahs she beest livin.

"Yes, suh. 'Peahs lack it alluz seems to me dat ef yo' put off till t'mah w'at yo' hadden' dought t' do t'day, yo' boun' to be a pow'ful sight bettuh off, suh. 'Peahs dat a-way t' me, suh. It do, sho'ly!"

NORTH MAGNETIC POLE. Capt. Amundsen's Plans for Fixing Its

Prof. Neumeyer, the renowned director of the Deutsche Seewarte, said a while agot An exact determination of the earth's north magnetic pole will be of immense value to science. This is the work that Capt. Roald Amundsen, a Norwegian who was a member of the Belgica Antarctic expedition in 1897-98, will attempt to accomplish. The fact is well known that if all ships might sail in the direction indicated by the north end of their compass needles they would meet at last, not at the pole, but at a point situated on Boot! in the northern part of this continent somewhere in its neighborhood. At the magnetic pole the needles would assume a vertical position if they were what a known as magnetic dipping needles th is, if so arranged as to be movable abou

horizontal axis, like the hands of a clos When James Ross discovered the position of the north magnetic pole on June 1, 18 his dipping needle made an angle of degrees 50 minutes with the plane of the horizon-in other words, it was deflected only one minute from an absolutely vertical position. This one minute was a matter of little importance and Ross concluded that he had really reached the north magnetic pole. He determined its geographical position to be 70 degrees 5 minutes north atitude, 96 degrees 57 minutes west longi-

But Ross made no further inwestigation and contributed nothing toward the solu-tion of a question that has since presented s actually only a point or whether the pesuliarity of the needle in assuming a vertical position, extends over a large area Theoretical study of late years has pointed decidedly to the latter supposition Another question which has been much dicussed in recent years and demands a practical solution is whether the magnet pole is stationary or changes its positi Scientific men are by no means agre to this question. The purpose of Car-Amundsen's coming journey north is, I

these two questions. In January last he purchased the vess Gjoa, which is renowned as one of the strongest and best sailing vessels in the Arctic fleet of Norway. He will start for Boothia next spring. A little while ago he told the Norwegian Geographical Society of Christiania all about his plans and the following particulars are condensed from

the report of his lecture. There will be only seven men on his small vessel. He preferred a little vessel like the she will navigate are in many places nar-row and shallow and it is therefore important to have a vessel that is of light draught and capable of turning in her own length. has been fitted this summer with a petroleum engine. The equipment consists of the usual things required for a polar journey, such as fur clothing, tents, ekis, snowshoes, sledges, kayaks and, of course, a complete and up-to-date lot of magnetic instruments. Enough provisions will be

ments, such as sounding machines, deep-sea thermometers and other appliances, Sledge dogs will be procured in west Greencaster Sound by the middle of July and his course will be through the Sound and up Prince Regent Inlet to Bellot Strait, which separates the north end of Boothia from the island of North Somerset. He expects to make his way through this narrow strait and south along the west coast of Boothia, leaving a depot, if possible, at the place in 1831. He will then seek a suitable winter station off the west side of Boothia, either in Matty Island or King William Land. where so many relies of Sir John Franklin's

expedition were found. The winter will be spent in making magnetic and meteorological observations,

is over," he said, "I shall set off with three men, two sledges and as many dogs as we may have, making observations all the way to the place where Ross fixed the posi-tion of the magnetic pole. At this place of long series of careful observations will be starting point, I shall investigate the surits magnetic conditions, with determinaendeavoring by a choice of stations to region within which the needle assumes a vertical position.

1 hope before the winter sets in to have

"I hope before the winter sets in to have carried out the principal part of my programme and in that case I intend to pass the winter of 1904-5, with one companion, as near as possible to the magnetic pole."

He will make recular hourly readings of the magnetic instruments in connection with aurora basealts observations in the spring of 1905 be thinks of repeating the work of the previous summer as a check, visiting systematically the old observation points and there taking a new series of absolute determinations of terrestrial magnetic elements. If this can be accomplished he will consider that the object of its journey will be fully attained.